

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

ORSON S. MURRAY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

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For the Telegraph.

BIRTH-DAY REMINISCENCES.

When in the giddy paths of youth I strayed,
And fancy's pencil seems of bliss portrayed,
I heard ahead no stormy tempest roar,
I saw no gathering cloud around me lower.

Hopes fluttered in my breast with beauteous wing,
And in my ear did soothing strains ring;
Hearts danced in every wave, and thoughtlessly
In laughing mirth I sang the hours away.

If curious I the mountain's top to scale,
Or fancy led me to the humble vale,
To weariness unknown, unknown to care,
I bounded gaily on the mountain air.

Time, with its handmaid Disappointment, came,
And wrote upon my brow their withering name;
They in my thoughtless path their offspring flung,
Despair, regret, remorse, hopes sore and gone.

In deep despondency my spirit turned
And viewed the past of life, the future spurned!
Life, which to me all beauteous once had seemed,
Now, to my eye with horrid spectres gleamed.

I saw a monster, which till then unseen,
Was lurking in my heart—its name was sin:
A serpent poisonous, a fiend-like form,
Raging within my breast a hellish storm.

Which like a mountain's weight my spirit bowed,
And Sinai in my ear its threatnings poured;
The awful glittering sword of vengeance drew,
Hung pendant o'er my self-devoted head!

Ah, whither then to flee!—no human power
Could aid my soul in that terrific hour—
That hour of wrath—of God Almighty's frown,
And justice crying, "Cut the lumberer down!"

I'd heard of Jesus, but I knew him not:
I heard that sinners had an advocate;
And yet my guilty, sin-polluted soul
Slighted his love, and spurned at his control.

But O! the wondrous grace of that blest hour,
When Jesus, by his own almighty power,
"Look from my eyes the scales of unbelief,
And melted my proud heart in humble grief!"

He spoke, and never mortal spoke like him;
"Was sweeter than the voice of seraphim;
"Come, weary, heavy-laden sinner, come—
Come to my bosom—in my heart there's room."

Rest for thy wounded spirit thou shalt find;
For I am meek, and of a lowly mind.
Come, learn of me, and prove with new delight,
My yoke is easy and my burden light."

With humble I ran, and prostrate at his feet,
In humble love I grasped the Infinite;
And oh, the glory of that blessed hour!
'Twas full of life and hope, of peace and power.

The rest my weary spirit long had sought,
And wept and mourned because I found it not,
I found in Jesus; on his peaceful breast
My timid, trembling soul I leaned for rest.

I love thee, Jesus, as thou knowest well!
How much I love thee I can never tell!
The chiefest thou among ten thousand art—
The priceless pearl, bound closest to my heart.

How long shall I from thy blest presence stay?
Oh when shall I, dear Saviour, go to thee?
I know that in the resurrection morn
I then in thine embrace shall be upborne.

Pittsford, April, 1836. C. B.

For the Telegraph.

ATONEMENT.

Review of an essay read in the ministerial conference in the Danville Baptist Association, and published in the Vermont Telegraph and the New Hampshire Baptist Register, over the signature of "M." on the following question:—
"Was the atonement made and completed in the death of Christ?"

MR. EDITOR.—Amid the din of "new measures" and the spirit of innovation, that cause many an honest-hearted man to look around with fear and much trembling, we are happy to find those who declare their determination to stand, or fall, beside the standard of irrefragable and immutable Bible truth. This is indeed one characteristic of the present age. Systems of philosophy that have stood the test of many dark periods, are now canvassed with a scrutiny and fearlessness indicative of intellectual and moral strength, originality and fortitude. Hypothesis

and theory must now pass the ordeal of proof—proof founded on well attested facts—before they are adopted as sound pillars in the great temple of truth.

Of this truth, the author of the essay now before us, is fully aware. In accordance, therefore, with the true mode of philosophizing, he has made a direct appeal to facts, on which to build his theory, and by which to establish its validity. In rearing up a theory from facts, however, it is indisputably necessary to understand the character of these facts, in order to appropriate them to a fit place in the foundation of theory, that our theory thus reared may exhibit the utmost symmetry and strength in every part. Or to speak without a figure, if the premises from which we make deductions are false, our deductions, although legitimately made from these premises, must consequently be false. If our author has assumed correct principles, from which he has made deductions, and raised up his theory, then his theory must be true, if his deductions have been legitimately made. To examine his premises and his mode of reasoning is the object of this Review.

In discussing the question, "Was the atonement made and completed in the death of Christ?" our author endeavors to establish the negative, that the atonement "was not made on Calvary." The general positions, assumed in this essay, by the author, are I. What things are preparatory to the atonement. II. In what it consists. III. Where it is made. IV.—What are its effects. Before entering upon an examination of the arguments and mode of reasoning adopted in this essay, allow us to make a few remarks upon the general bearing and character of this question.

Should the negative of this question, for the moment, be admitted, what practical advantage would be gained over the common received opinion of the Christian church? Our author indeed remarks that his view of the atonement "divests it of much of the difficulty and obscurity in which it has been involved by mistaken views." I am yet to learn what these "mistaken views" are, which he represents as involving the doctrine of the atonement in "difficulty and obscurity." That "mistaken views" are the prolific source of "difficulty and obscurity," in explaining the doctrine of the atonement, as well as all other Bible doctrines, I admit. But, it is no more than justice to the Christian world, to demand of an author who claims discovery in any doctrine, to show wherein the results of his discovery differ from the truths already known;—and what opinions those are, which he brands with the denomination of "mistaken views."

Among the benefits to accrue from his mode of discussing the question before us, our author enumerates the following:—that "it shows that ample provision is made for a general atonement, and yet that many fail of its saving benefits through impenitence and unbelief." That is, repentance and faith are requisite to salvation. Unless the sinner repents and believes the gospel, he can not see the kingdom of heaven. Does our author intend to claim the doctrine as peculiar to his mode of treating the subject of the atonement? I had supposed, that all orthodox Christians embodied this sentiment among the things to be believed. If our author can not advance any peculiar and exclusive claims to this view of the atonement, then there is no great practical advantage gained in this essay over the established opinion, long maintained in the Christian church. There is no new principle developed in this essay, by which we can resist the arch adversary of man, or lead souls to Christ. To such parts of this essay, as develop any new theological truth, or any new mode of analysis, or classification, that is reasonable and scriptural, we would give our hearty assent, even if that new truth in analysis, must, from the very nature of the case, terminate in the region of mere speculation. But on the other hand, should we find by examination, that our author has entered an arena of discussion where too much of the ground has been hidden from his view to afford him a fair opportunity of displaying his "intellectual gladiatorship"—should we find that, in his zealous contest against some supposed "mistaken views," he has adopted the fanciful and groundless theory of Taylor in Calmet, or plunged into the deep abyss of Socinian error, then we must, reluctantly, yet solemnly, and firmly, enter our decided protest against this entire essay. DALETH.

To be continued.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.—There is a serenity of mind produced by habitual communion with Christ, which both clears from the mind all incumbrances and infuses into it a healthful vigor. The instance of professor Francke, of the University of Halle, in Germany, is striking proof of this. While he has immortalized his name as a philanthropist, he has scarcely less so as a scholar. Being asked by a friend how he maintained such constant peace of mind amid so much study and responsible labor in his benevolent enterprises, he replied, "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say blessed Jesus, have I truly a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit? Thine I am. Wash me a-

gain and again, strengthen me, &c. &c.—By this constant converse with Jesus I have enjoyed serenity of mind, and a settled peace in my soul."

HUMILITY.—I consider humility to mean a just estimate of ourselves. To form a low estimate of one's self is a doubtful virtue. To think justly of one's self is avowedly no more of a crime than to do any other thing that is just. To retain a sense of worth is no less characteristic of a thinking being, than is consciousness of power in other animals. A fish knows his ability to swim—a bird has a feeling of its ability to fly. A knowledge of our abilities is a law of existence. No man heaves an axe the better for distrust of its edge. No man walks the more firmly for expecting every moment to fall.

CHRIST, A SHADOW.—Christ is declared in Scripture to be a shadow to the friendless and afflicted soul. We read of the shadow of a cloud—the shadow of a tree—the shadow of a rock—the shadow of a tabernacle from the heat. The shadow of the cloud in the harvest is grateful, but transient. The shadow of a tree under which we sit down is delightful, but it is limited to a small distance, and the rays frequently pierce the boughs. The shadow of a great rock is dense and cool; but it befriends not on every side, and covers little from the vertical rays. The shadow of a tabernacle into which we may continually resort, and find not only room, but entertainment, is the most complete and inviting. Christ is what they imply, and more than all of them combined. He is not only perfect, but divine; and he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—Jay.

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.—Consistency presents Christianity in her fairest attitude, in all her proportions of figure and correct symmetry of feature. Consistency is the beautiful result of all the qualities and graces of a truly religious mind united and brought into action, each individually right; all relatively associated. Where the character is consistent, prejudice cannot ridicule nor infidelity sneer. It may, indeed be censured, as holding up a standard above the attainment of the careless. The world dislikes, but cannot despise it.—H. More.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.—Of all the employments in which we can engage on this side the eternal world, none are so sublime and delightful, as prayer and praise. In none do we make so near an approach to the bliss of heaven. Should we, for a moment, compare these exercises with each other, we must give a decisive pre-eminence to praise. In prayer, we express our sins, our sorrows and our wants. In praise, we converse with the glories of Jehovah's character, with the richer blessings of his grace. Prayer will cease with this sorrowful and dying life.—But praise will go with us to heaven, and constitute our business and bliss through eternity.—Dr. Dana.

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.—Mama, said a child, my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world. But mother, I do not see any body preparing to go into the country—Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go to heaven. If every body wants to go there, why don't they try to get ready?—Juvenile Miscellany.

TRUST IN GOD.—We trust every body but God. As children, we obey our parents implicitly, because we are taught to believe all is for our good which they command or forbid. If we undertake a voyage we trust entirely to the skill and conduct of the pilot; we never torment ourselves with thinking he will carry us west. If a dear and tried friend makes us a promise, we depend on him for the performance, and do not wound his feelings by our suspicions. When you were to go your annual journey to London in the mail-coach, you confided yourself to the care of the coachman, that he would carry you where he had engaged to do so; you were not anxiously watching him and distrusting and enquiring at every turning. When the doctor sends home our medicine, don't you so fully trust in his ability and good will that you swallow it down in full confidence? you never think of inquiring what are the ingredients, why they are mixed in that particular way, why there is more of one and less of another, and why are they bitter instead of sweet? If one does not cure you he orders another, and changes the medicine when he sees the first does no good, or that by long use the same medicine has lost its effects: If a weaker fails, he prescribes a stronger; you swallow all, you submit to all, never questioning the skill or kindness of the physician. God is the only being whom we do not trust, though he is the only one who is fully competent in will and power to fulfil all his promises.—Hannah More.

PRAYER.—What ascend up in prayer descends to us again in blessings. It is like the rain which just now fell, and which had been drawn up from the ground

in vapors to the clouds before it descended from them to the earth in that refreshing shower. A man who once takes up the serious use of prayer will soon find himself obliged to abstain from such diversions, occupations, and societies, as he cannot reasonably desire that God will bless to him.—Id.

ETERNITY.—I take whatever I can conceive most long and durable, I heap imagination on imagination, conjecture on conjecture. First, I consider these long lives, which all wish, and few obtain.—I observe those old men, who live for four or five generations, and who alone make the history of an age, I do more; I turn to ancient chronicles, I go back to the patriarchal age; and consider life as extending through a thousand years; and I say to myself, all this is not eternity—all this is but a point compared with eternity. Having represented to myself real objects, I form ideas of imaginary ones. I go from our age to the time of publishing the Gospel, from thence to the publication of the law—from the law to the flood—from the flood to the creation—I join this epoch to the present time, and imagine Adam still living. Had Adam lived till now, had he lived in misery, had he passed all this time in fire on a rack, what idea must we form of his condition? At what price would we agree to expose ourselves to misery so great? What imperial glory would appear glorious were it to be followed by so much woe? Yet this is not eternity, all this is nothing compared with eternity? I go farther still. I proceed from imagination to imagination—from one supposition to another. I take the greatest number of years that can be imagined. I form of all these one fixed number, and stay my imagination. After this I suppose God to create a world like this which we inhabit: I suppose him creating it by forming one atom after another, and employing in the production of each atom the time fixed in my calculation just now mentioned. What numberless ages would the creation of such a world, in such a manner, require? Then, I suppose the Creator to arraign these atoms, and to pursue the same plan in arranging them as in creating them. What numberless ages would such an arrangement require! Finally, I suppose him to dissolve and annihilate the whole, and observe the same method in this dissolution, as he observed in the creation and disposition of the whole. What an immense duration would be consumed. Yet this is but a spec compared to eternity.—Saurin.

Who are the authors of all this mischief?—I ask the farmer who sells his grain to the distiller—who grows the grain for the manufacturer? I ask the distiller, who by the fire forces the staff of life to yield a noxious and poisonous fluid? I ask the seller of ardent spirit, who deals out the poison daily and hourly to the infatuated drunkard? I ask our commissioners of excise—I ask our legislators and our magistrates—I ask those men of wealth and influence, who stand coldly and look on, and do not lend a hand to suppress those sinks of death and ruin.—and lastly, I ask that professed man of God, who kneels at the throne of grace and prays that his sins may be forgiven, and yet is daily ridiculing the temperance society, temperance men and temperance measures—I will ask these men who it is that kindles, and fans, and perpetuates this flame, that is rapidly consuming our fellow-citizens? Who is it that rides on the whirlwind of death, and directs the storm of desolation?—[English paper.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

This may be simply defined as a conviction of duty. The subject of it beholds the world lying in wickedness, sees sinners carelessly pursuing the road to ruin, and becomes anxiously desirous of their salvation. And if to this is added, a firm persuasion that duty requires him to warn them of their danger, and invite them to the Saviour of sinners; and if this impression be such as to create restlessness and a sense of guilt, when pursuing any ordinary occupation, to the exclusion of the work of the ministry, it is presumable he is called to this work. All this is evidence, however, only to himself. Something further is necessary to satisfy the church of the reality of his call, and thus to open the way for his engaging in the work. It would certainly be dangerous to the welfare of any church, for her to give indiscriminate license for all to preach who profess to consider it their duty; for some of these may be laboring under a delusion of their own imaginations, and totally disqualified for the work; while others may be hypocrites, and fit only to become ministers of Satan. Hence, all churches have some method of proving those who claim to be called to the ministry. The evidence that satisfies the Methodist Episcopal church of the reality of this call is the existence of three marks, viz: "grace," "gifts," and "fruit," or usefulness. Whether these do or do not exist, the church, and those whose province it is to license him, may to a good degree, determine. "And so long as these three marks concur in any one, we believe he is called of God to preach." But if these are not found, he is not received; and this circumstance, if he is humble and considerate, will lead him to conclude either that he has mistaken his calling, or

that the time has not arrived for him to enter upon the work; for the Providence of God will surely prepare the way before him whom he has selected to labor in his vineyard. But if the above mentioned three marks are found to concur in the applicant, the church authorities do not hesitate to authorize him to preach; and thus his convictions concerning the path of duty are confirmed; and in after life, the fruit of his labor tends to strengthen and establish him in the work.—Wm. Phillips, in W. C. Adv.

A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.—What can be so consoling to the heart of feeble man as the thought that his Master cares for him, and will save him from the cruel tyranny of his sins! Hours of despondency and gloom often cast their shadows over the Christian's mind; but when the sweet impression revisits his soul that his Redeemer cares for him, it is sunshine with his heart. What pen can reveal the preciousness of the thoughts of Almighty love, that steal into the soul with all their balmy fragrance! In the silent hours of night when creation slumbers around, one Christian on his bed, whose soul is throbbing under the inexpressible pulsations of heavenly love, feels more happiness than all created worlds can bestow. He lies on a bed of spices.—Images of beauty and glory cluster thickly into his entranced soul. His thoughts respond to the promptings of the celestial ones, who, for ought we know, may be waving their dewy wings around his pillow.

Oh, one hour spent thus, is "worth a whole eternity of bondage" to the pleasures of sense! Memory will go back with undefinable sweetness to such an hour, and the soul will yearn for it again with immortal desire. To believe that the pure, unchangeable and omnipotent heart of our Almighty Savior thinks kindly of us—and that the prompting of his Spirit applies to us, notwithstanding our sins and wretchedness some precious promise of his word—this, this is worth living for. For this may we gladly suffer and toil on through the trials of poverty and mental anxiety and struggle. Be blessedness like this, ours. Be this precious thought our inheritance here—an earnest of that perpetual sunshine of the soul which cheers the inhabitants of the upper world.

LETTER FROM THEODORE D. WELD.

ITHICA, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1836.

To the Rhode Island, State Anti-Slavery Convention:

DEAR BRETHREN.—I have received a kind letter inviting me to your convention. As I cannot report myself to the convention in person, I must be content to be represented by such a proxy as I can find time to scribble before the departure of this evening's mail. And if it be not a very "incendiary document," charge it to the congealings, watching and exhaustions of a journey of four hundred miles, prosecuted night and day, in a zero atmosphere.

With my whole heart, dear brethren, I shout to you my fraternal "ALL HAIL!" What! another convention for the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society!—Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Ohio, New York, and now Rhode Island! Let us sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously! Be his alone the praise! The toil, the peril, the suffering of shame, the spoiling of goods, the loss of all things, be this our lot and joy, and this our song, in the house of our pilgrimage. "The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage."

Success to a good cause, is God's endorsement to it. It is more. It is his reward for the past, his promise and his premium for the future:—His high command for mightier striving:—His trumpet call, summoning onward from strength to strength and from conquering to conquer. If this be not its effect upon us, success will be disaster, prosperity downfall, victory defeat, and triumph ruin. Woe unto us if our zeal and faith do not keep pace with our responsibilities. It is treason at such a time as this, for them to lag in the rear of success, hanging upon its skirts, mere pensioners and encumbrances. They must explore far in advance, casting up a high way for the sacramental host, while they shout and wave signals from every hill-top as they beckon the van. If every new accession to our cause, girds us anew, buoys up to higher aims, gives us a fresher baptism, a holier union, and a firmer anchorage on God, then shall our light break forth as the morning, and thick darkness become noon-day. What! Shall the hands be no longer staid up when Israel begins to prevail? Shall zeal be quenched rather than kindled by the anointing oil? Shall vigilance let down its watch when the din of the conflict is waxing louder, and be lulled into slumber by the shoutings of triumph begun? Better had the places which know us, should know us no more,—yea, had known us never,—than thus to betray the world's last trust, and dash forever its new born hopes, recreant to truth, traitorous to humanity, and making shipwreck of faith in apostasy from God.

I this moment remember that Rhode Island is the land of Roger Williams, and Samuel Hopkins, and Moses Brown:—

veterans, pioneers, patriarchs, in the cause of human liberty. (God be praised that when the two former went up to Heaven, they did not take their mantles with them, and that the latter lives to vindicate the rights of man.) But there is another side to the picture. Rhode Island is steeped in the guilt and infamy of the African slave trade. Some of her princely fortunes are the product of traffic in the souls of men! We hail your State Anti-Slavery Convention, as the glorious first fruits meet for repentance; an offering of a sweet smelling savor! What more befitting than that Rhode Island should organize a State Anti-Slavery Society, in whose full laver she may cleanse away her stains, and "wash her hands in innocence?"—Further:—she is the most profitable customer of the south in her great staple of cotton:—thus deputing the master, as her agent, to plunder the slave of his all, and then by inviting him to her market with her spoils to receive the wages of his iniquity, she bribes him to plunder again.—Further:—your beautiful city and villages, along your shore and through your interior, are the summer resort of thousands who hold slaves at the south. What opportunities for influence against slavery, for argument, remonstrance, warnings, entreaties, and tears! Verily, Rhode Island must have a State Anti-Slavery Society.—I have no fears as to the issue of your convention. Though a stranger to your persons, perhaps without an exception, yet your creed I know. Your spirit, your testimony and zeal, and patience of hope and labors of love, I know, and claim a oneness with you in indissoluble brotherhood.

The circumstances under which the convention will assemble, are marked and peculiar. Events the most extraordinary and portentous are crowding upon us thick as the hours. Now is THE CRISIS.—Congress and state legislatures, in debate on questions vital to our existence:—the rights of discussion:—petition:—freedom of speech: of the press; of the public mail:—whether the constitutions shall be charters or the mockers of rights:—whether law shall be a reality or a nullity!—Where are we? Robberies of the mail, perpetrated by its official guardians!—Mobs headed by judicial officers! Constitutional assemblies of the people, broken up by violence, while judges and members of Congress, preside on the occasion and officiate during the ceremony! Municipal authorities, appeasing the wrath of a frenzied rabble by the violent seizure of private property, and sacrificing it as a peace offering! An innocent citizen, seized in bed at midnight, gagged, threatened with mutilation and death, and dragged from the house by a score of ruffians! Another, chased down in the streets of a city, and dragged about with ropes at noon-day! Another, he a stranger on an errand of love, hunted like a beast of prey from town to town, and city to city by a ferocious multitude, eager to lap his blood! All this, and a thousand times more, in FREE STATES; and LAW MUTE; and public sentiment with loud acclaim, shouting its exultations over the whole! While these outrages are enacted at the north, thousands at the south, no longer content with the robbery of individual rights are making a desperate clutch at the rights of a nation, and waging deadly strife to wrest Texas from Mexico, to make it a slave market!

Would that these were the only signs of the times, black with baleful portent.—But no! The church of God not only lays upon his altar "robbery for burnt offering," but now she waxes bolder in impiety, and summons her Great Head to prove, that the imbruing of His image is a virtue! And she blasphemously craves His aid in the process, and His benediction in the result; claiming, that to traffic in the purchase of atoning blood, and to make merchandise of the temple of the Holy Ghost, is homage to God, obedience to the law of love, an imitation of the patriarchs and apostles, and well pleasing to the Holy One!

But, I need not enumerate. I have already wearied you with detail. My apology is, that yours is the first State Anti-Slavery Convention held since the spirit of slavery stripped off its last disguises, and revealed in its own reality, walking naked and foaming out its own shame and blasphemy and blood. All who love our blessed cause wait, as those who watch for the morning, to hear from your convention a testimony voiced forth in the majesty of Truth and in the name of Jehovah: such a solemn testimony as the crisis demands, and such as God will surely enable the convention to give. We wait to be girded, strengthened, abundantly refreshed and mightily impelled onward by your proceedings. We expect to find in them sympathy, melting as the heart of Jesus, and wide and deep as human woe. BENEVOLENCE, flowing like the water of life, in the river of God. PRINCIPLE, disdaining alliance with the policy of the world. TRUTH AND RIGHT, erect and aloft in the pure air and clear sunshine of their own home. CONSCIENCE, unblinded by passion, unbribed by interest, untangled by expediency, aloof from guile, and sternly holding temptation at bay. Duty, deaf alike to party and to importunity, neither stooping to compromise nor shrinking from conflict, neither awed by menace nor wheedled by flattery, not seduced by blandishments: